

The Chisite  
1915



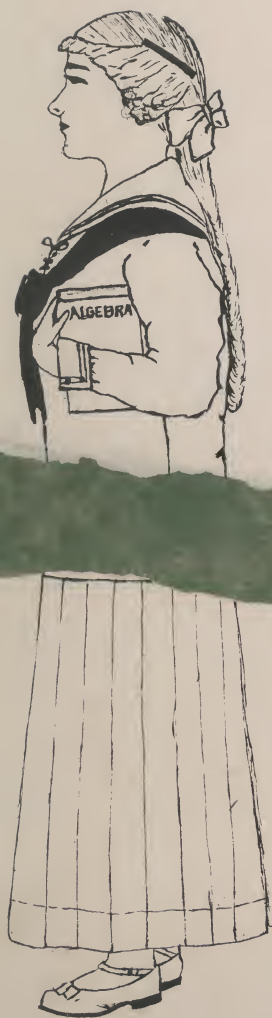
# The Chsite

FIRST ISSUE



MAIN BUILDING

PUBLISHED BY SENIOR CLASS  
OF  
CARY PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL  
1915



A.M.H. '18



## Greeting

We feel a little bit of pride—  
A little bit, no more;  
For other classes here have tried  
In vain to stem the Annual tide,  
While we have reached the shore.

By striving hard since last December,  
Success we've gained in measure;  
If read by day or dying ember,  
O may this help you all remember  
Your high-school days with pleasure.



PRINCIPAL MARCUS B. DRY

## Dedication

**P**RINCIPAL MARCUS BAXTER DRY was born October 23, 1871, on a beautiful farm in Union County. After thoroughly preparing himself at Union Institute, at the age of twenty-one, he entered Wake Forest College, from which institution, three years later, he received the degree of Master of Arts. Later, he spent the summer of 1899 at our State University; later still, 1911 and 1912, he spent two summers at Columbia University; and last summer, 1914, he did special work at the A. & M. College.

After teaching a short while in the public schools of Union County, Mr. Dry became Principal of the Wingate High School in 1896, which position he efficiently filled until 1908; at this time, having won a reputation for himself, he was elected to the Principalship of the Cary Public State High School to succeed Professor Middleton. Last fall Mr. Dry was elected a member of the executive committee of the State Teachers' Assembly; and soon after this, he was made President of the board of directors of the Cary Bank.

Professor Dry is an educated business man, a splendid administrator, and a very successful teacher in the class-room; but it is not in these capacities that he has achieved his highest distinction; most important of all, he is a man, clean, honest, true—a man who unconsciously wins his way into the hearts of all with whom he comes into contact; it is as a man, a friend, a companion, that we all love him.

## The Faculty

MARCUS B. DRY, M.A.  
Wake Forest College, 1896  
*Mathematics, Latin, French*

MELVIN B. ANDREWS, A.B.  
Trinity College, 1914  
*History, English*

JULIA C. PASMORE  
State Normal and Industrial College, 1902  
*Mathematics, Latin*

HAROLD E. STONE, B.S.  
Iowa State College, 1914  
*Science, Agriculture*

ELIZABETH PRYOR, B.S.  
Iowa State College, 1914  
*Home Economics*

BONNIE HOWARD  
Meredith College, 1908  
*Music*

BETSEY R. HUNTER  
Oxford College, 1888  
*Fourth and Sixth Grades*

NANNIE LEACH  
Greensboro College for Women, 1888  
*Fifth Grade*

ESTELLE YARBOROUGH  
Littleton Female College, 1909  
*Second and Third Grades*

IRMA ELLIS  
State Normal and Industrial College  
*First Grade*



## Editorial

THERE was a class and there is a class. The one class had ideals, and lacked environment, the other happily had both. We only claim to have solidified their dreams, their ideal, solidifying it only by the application of cold, hard, fact—our hands. Then, too, the other class had a motto: "Where we fix our heart, we set our hand." So Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, realize you first the value of an ideal, a motto and—

"Procrastination all despise,  
Concentration we advise,  
And urge you perseverance prize."

Even though the one class did fail, it seems quite fitting that this, the first annual of the first State Public High School should be published by the first class graduated from it—in its second period of evolution. So we, the Seniors of Nineteen-fifteen, and the Editors, truly hope that our publication may please you and that it may give you some reason to think of us as "Practical Idealists."

THE EDITORS.

## The Seniors

CLYDE G. BANKS.....	RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA
EABLE C. BRADY.....	GARNER, NORTH CAROLINA
MARY E. DUNN.....	RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA
HARRY W. HARGIS, JR.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
CLEO HOLLEMAN.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
TERRENE HOLLEMAN.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
DAISY V. HUNTER.....	TURKEY, NORTH CAROLINA
FLORRIE T. MEDLIN.....	RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA
EUNICE E. PENNY.....	RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA
M. RACHEL IVEY.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
CARVIN L. MASSEY.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
NEEDHAM G. WOODLIEF.....	DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA
ILA E. HOUSE.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
ALMIRA WOODWARD.....	RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA
OMIE D. PRINCE.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
E. CARSON YATES.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA
M. GAYNELLE YATES.....	CARY, NORTH CAROLINA

## **Classes**

### **The Seniors at the Gate**

You have taught us how to struggle  
With the forces grim of fate;  
You have urged us on to battle  
With the mighty and the great:  
So obeying your instructions,  
We must leave you at the gate.

We recall the splendid lessons  
You have urged us each to learn;  
You have taught us by example  
Mid-night oil is good to burn;  
You have filled us with ambition  
And with throbbing hearts that yearn.

We appreciate your teachings,  
And your good examples prize;  
We shall think of you in future  
As we onward march and rise;  
E'en the thought of going from you  
Fills with tears, dear friends, our eyes.

But we hear a voice that's calling,  
Urging us no longer wait;  
Ah, we feel a force impelling,  
And we cannot hesitate:  
So, with love and kindest wishes,  
Now we leave you at the gate.

*—Ichbin der Knabe.*



CLYDE G. BANKS

Age 20 Years

*"Go put your sword in your deed,  
Nor speak with double tongue,"*

Vice-President Senior Class, '15; President Calhoun Literary Society, '15; Critic Calhoun Literary Society, '14; Commencement Debator; Commencement Orator; Business Manager Annual.

Clyde is thoroughly harmless, studious, and a hard worker—a man of calm habits and quiet disposition. During his stay among us he has made good in his class work and won the respect of his fellow students.

EARL C. BRADY

Age 20 Years

*"A little body doth often harbor a great soul."*

Critic Calhoun Society; Vice-President Calhoun Society; Secretary Calhoun Society; Annual Editor Calhoun Society; Commencement Declaimer; Commencement Orator.

"Senior" has a very striking personality. He is not a star athlete, but is ever ready to join in various sports and is a very studious boy. We expect to see him the first orator of the State, his oratory not being of a common type. He has many peculiarities, but they only tend to make him a more interesting character.







MARY E. DUNN

Age 17 Years

*"Here's a sigh for those who love me,  
A smile for those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for any fate."*

Member Lowell Society; Prophetess Class '15.

Fun-loving, ambitious, impulsive—all these qualities make us love her. Mary is very original; and although she has high ideals, we expect her to realize them all "some time," and we shall then boast of the fact that we knew her in high school.

HARRY W. HARGIS, JR.

Age 18 Years

*"But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale."*

President Senior Class, '15; Associate Editor CHSITE, '15; President Clay Society, '13-'14; Critic Clay Society, '13-'14-'15; Class Poet, '15; Secretary Clay Society, '13-'14; Secretary Cary Development Club; Commencement Debater, '15; Commencement Declaimer, '15; Annual Editor for Clay Society.

Harry is an excellent student and a gentleman. He is more interested in literature than he is in anything else, and you're an old book worm, if you can mention anything he hasn't read; and his masterpiece being "The Daisy," he may some day rival Burns.



CLEO Y. HOLLEMAN

Age 21 Years

*"In every rank great or small 'tis industry  
supports us all."*

Member Lowell Society; Member of Browning.

Cleo has a very admirable character. She is kind-hearted, quiet, studious, unselfish, and unassuming. Her talents seem pedagogic as she is a most excellent disciplinarian.

TERRENE HOLLEMAN

Age 18 Years

*"Better not be at all than not be noble."*

Vice-President Irving Literary Society, '14;  
Assistant Secretary Irving Literary  
Society, '14; Member Browning Society.

Terrene not being satisfied with a certificate which she received last year, comes again this term to claim her diploma. She evidently believes in looking up and laughing, for smiles seem to come naturally. Quiet, unassuming, pleasant—a loyal friend and an enemy to no one—all these things make it worth while to know her.



ILA E. HOUSE

Age 18 Years

*"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak  
what we think."*

Critic Irving Society, '13; President Irving  
Society, '14; Treasurer Irving Society,  
'15; Treasurer Senior Class, '15.

Ila is one of our Cary girls and has a  
variety of accomplishments. She can boost  
a tomato club, play many tunes, and make  
herself generally useful every where.

All things considered, the Class could not  
do without her; her thoughtful ways and  
cheerful countenance will ever remain in  
our memory.

DAISY V. HUNTER

Age 17 Years

*"A child no more—a maiden now, a graceful  
maiden with a gentle brow."*

Secretary Lowell Society, '14; Treasurer  
Lowell Society, '13; Assistant Business  
Manager for CHSITE; Secretary-Treas-  
urer Browning Hall Athletic Association.

Daisy is interesting and attractive. These  
traits, together with her frankness, have won  
her many friends. She is especially talented  
in music and very fond of athletics—an ideal  
school girl.





M. RACHEL IVEY

Age 17 Years

*"A rare combination—a will that does and a soul that understands."*

Member of Browning Society; President Lowell Society, '15; Secretary Lowell Society, '14; Vice-President Lowell Society, '13; Associate Editor CHSITE, '15.

Rachel is one of the strongest and most attractive girls in school; her ability to do things wins our admiration, and her unconscious personal magnetism appeals to the best there is in us.

CARVIN L. MASSEY

Age 19 Years

*"Scholars are men of peace."*

Associate Editor Cary High School Republic;  
Member Calhoun Society.

Carvin came to us from Holly Springs, entered Cary High School in the Fall of 1914, and at once became a member of the Class of '15.

He is bright in his studies and quite a thinker in his classes, often giving the class a good joke with his witty ideas.

He is clean, honest, and upright in his dealings with every one.





FLORRIE T. MEDLIN

Age 15 Years

*"Those who have no tongues are all eyes and ears."*

Member of Girls' Athletic Association; President of Irving Society, '15; Critic Irving Society, '14.

Florrie is a jolly, good natured girl, and always has her lesson well. She has the distinction of being the youngest member of the Senior Class. She shows interest in every thing she undertakes to do.

EUNICE E. PENNY

Age 20 Years

*"The face of a friend, how it shines in the darkness."*

President Lowell Society, '12; Secretary Lowell Society, '13; President Lowell Society, '14; Critic Lowell Society, '15; Secretary Senior Class, '15.

Eunice is a girl of high ideals, is spirited, proud, independent, kind-hearted, and true, possessing many of the qualities that go to make up an alert, whole-hearted twentieth century girl.

If you have any doubts as to her being loved and lovable, question Knott.







OMIE D. PRINCE

Age 17 Years

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her  
infinite variety."*

Treasurer Lowell Society; Testatrix Senior  
Class, '15.

"Prince" is one of the best loved girls in school. She is very witty and original and often entertains us with her bright remarks. She is kind, sympathetic, good-natured, unselfish, and intellectual—a happy combination worth going out of your way to meet.

NEEDHAM WOODLIEF

Age 16 Years

*"With a heart for any fate."*

Member of Calhoun Society.

This member of our Class has not been with us all this year but discovered at a late hour that he could not bear to miss graduating with us. From previous acquaintance, we know him to be a very intelligent, conscientious, hard-working student, who allows no task, however hard, to "balk" him.



ALMIRA E. WOODWARD

Age 19 Years

*"There's not a minute without a duty."*

Vice-President Lowell Literary Society, '15.

This fair maid hails from one of our best rural sections. Her ability and efficient preparation enabled her to reach the dignity of Senior in two years.

On all occasions she has shown herself loyal to Cary High School and Lowell Literary Society.

A broad horizon is hers, and a brilliant future awaits her.

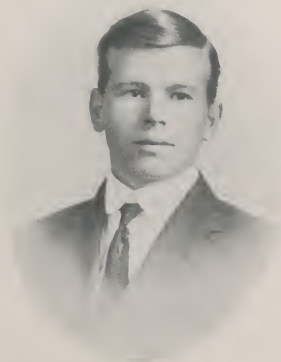
E. CARSON YATES

*"Men of few words are best men."*

Commencement Orator, '15; Commencement Debater, '14; Commencement Declaimer, '14; Triangular Debater, '14; President Clay Society, '13-'14; Critic Clay Society, '15; Censor Clay Society, '13; Secretary Clay Society, '13; Treasurer Athletic Association, '14-'15; Treasurer Cary Development Club.

Carson is a serious, industrious, and ambitious young man. He prefers "The intricate problems of mechanism," to all other things.

He is a good honest worker, orator, and athlete as you will see if you will look up his record. He is a splendid student and likes geometry surprisingly well.





M. GAYNELLE YATES

Age 20 Years

*"To hide true worth from public view  
Is burying diamonds in their mine.  
All is not gold that shines is true;  
But all that is gold ought to shine."*

Editor-in-Chief of THE CUSITE, '15; President Lowell Literary Society, '13; Critic Lowell Literary Society, '13; Vice-President Lowell Literary Society, '12; Treasurer Lowell Literary Society, '14; Critic Lowell Literary Society, '12; Member of Browning Society.

Gaynelle, our efficient Editor, is a real Cary High School student, having begun and finished her education here.

She is a splendid student, leading her class in scholarship. She is talented, ambitious, persevering, and gives great promise of a brilliant future.

## Senior Class

### Officers

PRESIDENT.....	HARRY W. HARGIS, JR.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	CLYDE G. BANKS
SECRETARY.....	EUNICE E. PENNY
TREASURER.....	ILA E. HOUSE
POET.....	HARRY W. HARGIS, JR.
PROPHETESS.....	MARY E. DUNN
HISTORIAN.....	M. RACHEL IVEY
TESTRATRIX.....	OMIE D. PRINCE

FLOWER: *Narcissus*

COLORS: *Red and Black*

MOTTO: "*Where we fix our heart we set our hand*"

### Class Poem

Our tasks of life are not far off,  
For Seniors' caps we soon must doff:

So ere we leave our people here  
And go to seek a great career,  
That we may shun the scorner's sneer,

Suppose we take some hints from you—  
The ones we love, who love us too—  
Just how to make our records true:

"Procrastination we despise,  
But concentration we advise,  
And urge you perseverance prize."

As now we part, please understand,  
Although we roam to every land,  
We'll ever be a loyal band.

Our souls are all aglow with flame  
To conquer wealth, to capture fame,  
And thus do honor to your name.

We plan no evil thought or deed,  
We have no feeling, base, of greed,  
But for your sake we will succeed.

We thank you for the things you give,  
And pledge for you always to live.

—POET.

## Class History

To do our class justice, it may be well to go back to its beginning.

Several years ago one of our members entered the first grade of the primary department, and, after years of plodding, is now a Senior. From time to time there were additions to the small beginning, and now there is a membership of sixteen, coming from two counties.

Our class individually as Seniors was consummated September 9, 1914. At this time officers were elected, and true Senior enthusiasm was instilled in the hearts of each member.

What has been accomplished? Through the influence of the Nineteen-fifteens, the three lower high school grades have organized and are thus prepared to take up and continue the important work of Seniors.

In addition to the regular school duties, our Class has inaugurated an aid to the instructors in the management of the reading room and library. This plan was approved by the principal, and the class took charge of this department. The results have been satisfactory, and many a miscreant has been made "to bite the dust."

The class of Nineteen-fifteen is issuing the first annual of our worthy institution; and, after much consultation and persistent work, the annual has been made a success. In order to raise funds for this undertaking, a box party was given, resulting in the realization of an encouraging sum. Next a play, "Scenes in a Union Depot," was ventured and successfully given to the public.

There has been earnest school work done by our members, but not to the exclusion of pleasant social intercourses.

We have the honor of being the first class to graduate from our completed new building and also the first class to issue a State High School Annual.

Our worthy class is made up of a well balanced variety of sizes, ages, complexions, and temperaments; and according to home economics principals, the finished loaf will take "blue ribbons."

—HISTORIAN.

P. S.—Since writing the above a former student has been welcomed into our class and will receive his diploma with us.



## Class Will

We, the Senior Class of Cary High School, in the year 1915, having passed the stages of "Freshie," "Soph," and "envious Junior," having been the "Peck Block" of the class of '14, whom we envied so much, and having learned much of Mathematics and more of Science, knowing that the end is near at hand, make our last will and testament.

*First.* We will to our Class Historian the right of writing about the good we have done, and ask that a copy be placed where all interested in the advancement of the nation may have access to it.

*Second.* We give the Junior Class all the Senior privileges they can find, even including those of having charge of the Library and to go down the street without either a chaperone or permission, every eighth day of the week. We also give them all the dignity we possess on condition that they use it as freely as we have done. We give them the right to oversee the "Joke Box"; and the Junior girls may have a man to call once a month provided the months are at least four weeks long. We also ask that the Juniors organize, at the beginning of term 1915-16, a new Freshman Class, as we think the present one have served long enough.

*Third.* He bequeath to the "Sophs" all the advice we have been able to get, and refer them to the Freshman should they need any more.

*Fourth.* We give the Freshman Class our heartfelt sympathy for what they will have to endure for the next year and ask that they be appointed the chief advisors to the Faculty.

*Fifth.* To Professor Dry we will a long and successful reign and brighter Mathematic Classes.

*Sixth.* To Mr. Andrews we will all we have been able to get from Shakespeare and Milton and all the History and English reference books that we know about. Also we bequeath to him a magnet by which we hope he will be able to attract the attention of the Ancient History Class.

*Seventh.* To Mr. Stone, to illustrate his chemical equations to the class of '16, we give the superfluous amount of gas some of our members have.

*Eighth.* To Miss Pasmore we will some "Arithmetic Experts," who will always know their lessons.

*Ninth.* To Miss Pryor we will a "man," as we think her too "awfully attractive" to live alone.

*Tenth.* We will to Miss Howard, our Lady Principal, a "crowd of Girls," who will obey at least one rule.

*Eleventh.* To Mrs. Hunter and Miss Lench, we will all the anti-fat we have been able to get.

*Twelfth.* To Miss Yarborough we will any Freshman Boy she may choose to take the place of one of our members.

*Thirteenth.* We will to Miss Ellis a portion of our Love.

*Fourteenth.* We ask that our appreciation for the interest they have taken in us be equally divided among the Faculty.

*Fifteenth.* We will all the door-mats in Cary High School to the School Board, that they may use them as they see best.

*Sixteenth.* To Mrs. Smith, we will all the dust pans, dusters, and brooms there are in Browning Hall, that she may clean the Dormitory to her own satisfaction.

*Seventeenth.* To Mrs. Wood, we will a crowd of Boys who will not eat quite so much.

*Eighteenth.* We give our janitor, Austin Rogers, all the tobacco made on the school Farm.

*Nineteenth.* We will all our remaining possessions—such as red ties etc.—to Uncle John, also a new Ingersoll Watch, so that he may keep the correct time.

Done at the Cary Public High School auditorium on this, the sixteenth day of April, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

Signed and sealed.

—THE SENIOR CLASS.

## Class Prophecy

It was a cold rainy night. I had started to Raleigh on the seven o'clock train. I was thinking, as I sat in the smutty little depot. I was thinking of the—of the events of the day. Among the things that had come my way, I was elected Class Prophetess. Well, that was pretty good, but I thought it almost train time. When I went to get my ticket, I found that the train was one-half an hour late. Land knows! What a long time.

I settled myself before the little iron stove. The glow of the coals made the room look very cheery after all. As I gazed into the bed of coals, I wondered really what would become of us. We had been such a loyal band to ourselves and our school. As I watched the coals, they began to take shape. It seemed that I was before a great building. I, being of the same wandering disposition, went in without even knowing what I was going into. A very dignified lady came to the door. I thought her face was familiar. I knew that I had seen that nose some where, and the sag of her shoulders looked familiar. She broke into a giggle, and I knew that it was our "Prince." I asked what in the world she was doing here. She led me around to a large brass plate on the door, and there I read, "Algebraic and Physics College for the Feeble Minded, President, Miss Omie Delle Prince; Dean, Mr. Carvin Massey." Of all things! She invited me to spend a week with her, and I accepted.

One day we decided to take a little spin out into the country. She told me she had quite a pleasant surprise for me, saying I would see some of my classmates of the Cary High School. Who in the world could it be? As we rode on, my curiosity got the best of me. I could hardly wait. We went to a little country town and came up before the most romantic little cottage, where everything looked very happy. I wondered which of my classmates lived there. I noticed on the door this notice, "Dr. C. G. Banks." Oh! that was our most learned Mr. Banks of Cary. And that smiling little woman who came down the steps was Florrie Medlin. I wondered when this wedding took place. They were doing nicely in this little village and were known by everybody in it.

It happened that the town in which "Prince" and Mr. Massey had erected their college, there was a large hotel that interested me very much. It was the "Yarboro Hotel." I asked "Prince" about it, and she said, Carson Yates had married a Miss Yarboro, and when she had died, a few years after the wedding, he had called the hotel for her maiden name.

In "Prince's" room I found a picture that interested me very much. It was a sweet-faced woman. She was stout, and gathered on her lap and around her were several of the dearest children. I knew that I had seen those sincere eyes somewhere before. After guessing and guessing who it was, "Prince" said it was Mrs. Olive, and those were little Olives. I knew then, it was Almira Woodward.

My visit ended here. I had had a glorious time. I had started back to the scene of my childhood and youth. I had to wait over in a little town called "Hen-Cackle." I thought I had heard of something like that before; so I asked how and why the town got its name. The man to whom I was speaking said a young fellow from the University of North Carolina had come down there and started to sell the stuff and made so much money that he practically owned the town, and out of his appreciation for the food, he had called the town "Hen-Cackle." I asked who it was, and he said H. W. Hargis, Jr. Did I know him? Well, I guess I did remember our President. He got off the train as I

climbed aboard, and he said that he had kept up with all of our members except Emice Penny and me. I told him I had seen Emice in one of the northern cities, acting as a policeman since her husband had lost his job. She seemed to know how to handle the "Billy" strongly as though she was used to it. She had gone north where woman suffrage had come to pass, and she could vote.

I stopped in Cary. It was not like it had been ten years ago, but Ila House was. Ila was such a good girl, that she was perfectly satisfied to have the birds sing around her artistic little door. She was loved by all in the little village of Cary, because of her kindness and modesty.

While I was at home, I was lonely, yes lonely. One morning the papers had a noticeable discussion in them. Harvard University had been made a co-ed institution, and Gaynelle Yates and Rachel Ivey had finished there. The papers said Gaynelle had married the president, and Rachel, who acted as maid of honor, would follow her example at an early date.

There was a letter at my home which had been there for six months; but, as my mother did not know my address, she had not forwarded it. It was from Daisy Hunter. My eyes filled with tears—we had been such chums. Always, we had such jolly times together. Now she was in far away Washington, where she was filling the home of Senator Little very charmingly and nobly. She said that little things were a great deal of trouble.

I was thinking, as I finished reading the letter, that all my friends had amounted to something to the world. Cleo and Terrene Holleman were two very successful girls. They had finished one of the Northern Colleges with "Magna Cum Laude," and had married men whom they had met in their college days, and settled down to life.

Mr. Brady had grown a mustache and was living at his father's old home—one of the most successful sawmillers of Wake county. E. C. Jr., was very much like his father.

I thought one night, as I sat on the porch, of my own life. My days had been glad ones because I had made them so; but I would die "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

O, that was the train blowing! Did I dream all that, or did I see it in the red hot coals? I hustled out and was soon on my way to Raleigh.

—PROPHETESS.







## Junior Class

### Officers

PRESIDENT.....	BRYCE LITTLE
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	H. SANFORD HOWIE
SECRETARY.....	MARGARET R. STRAYHORNE
TREASURER.....	A. GRACE HOLLEMAN
POETESS.....	ELSIE B. YARBOROUGH
PROPHETESS.....	ALMA BARBER
HISTORIAN.....	ZEBULON B. WILLIAMS

## A Farewell to the Seniors

"Seniors, now you all must leave us,  
But we hate to see you go,  
For your parting long will grieve us  
As our tear-stained eyes do show,"—  
Look! thy falter; how they peeve us—  
We don't need them here, oh, no!

"We shall miss your winning graces  
And your sweet attractive ways;  
We shall miss your smiling faces  
And your helpful words of praise,"—  
Look! they stop their feeble paces—  
They are but a gang of jays!

"We can hear the world entreating  
That you linger here no more;  
We can picture, too, the greeting  
That is waiting at the door,"—  
Don't they know we're just repeating  
Lies that ages since were hoar!

Ah, the dignified have parted  
From our dear old High School gate;  
Join the chorus we had started,  
Raising yells that will elate;  
We are now the merry-hearted—  
Soon our names will all be great.

—THE JUNIORS.

## Class History

Motto: "*In unity there is strength, in knowledge there is power.*"

At the beginning of the term of 1914-15, the Junior students met and organized, and will go on record as the third organized class of Juniors of Cary High School.

The Juniors have been a happy band, and pride themselves with the fact that every one is loyal to his or her class. Its members have won many of the highest honors of the school, and they have taken leading parts in every phase of school life. Four out of the six commencement debaters are Juniors; also four of the declaimers are Juniors. The student selected to represent the school, and the alternate, in the declamation contest held at Trinity College, were both Juniors. All four of the representatives selected to represent the school in the declamation and recitation contests to be held at Greensboro and Elon College were Juniors, and all four of the commencement reciters are Juniors. The four debaters that represented the school in the triangular debate were all Juniors, and in the athletic way, four of the varsity basket-ball team were Juniors.

Before we leave for our summer vacation, we wish to concede all that goes to make a Junior Class to the Sophs, and we hope to return in the fall filled with energy and go down on record as the banner Senior Class.

—HISTORIAN.

## Class Prophecy

I had been over in Germany specializing in music for five years, also in Boston and several other places, which has put me away from all my Junior Classmates nearly ten years. I had so often thought of each member and wondered what they were making of life. My imagination could see every one, of course, doing something great. I was returning home when I stopped over in Cary, North Carolina, to spend a few hours with Miss Elsie Yarbrough. She was a member of our Class and one of my best friends. I was thinking as I walked up the street to her home that perhaps she knew something of them, where they were, and what they were doing. Sure enough she had kept a record of the whole Class, and she told me about every one of them. Her story was as follows:

Mabel Adams is one of the most graceful and attractive actresses of the period. Her best plays are given in New York.

Grace Holleman has a special art of cooking. She prints cook books and oversees the Home Economic Department of this State. She gives special attention to "Carpenters."

William Freeman is a lawyer. He has never lost his dignity and love for "Mary." Sam Bobbitt has accumulated great riches. He is a happy, prosperous young man, ever singing "Alice, Sweet Alice—Ben Bolt."

Zebulon Williams has the record beat on dancing. When people ask him why he dances so well, he says "Katy did."

Hubert Rhodes is one of the most famous poets of the time. He writes a great number of plays, and his literature is always the best.

Sallie Breeze is quite a famous artist. She has a high sense of appreciation, and her paintings are always good.

Sanford Howie is teaching Latin at Wake Forest College. His favorite sentence being "Amo te" when he writes a letter to the "Texan Home."

Lavine Waldo is a home missionary. She is highly honored, loved, and respected by all. She does her best in everything.

Fannie Henter is an expression teacher at "Parker's Mountain School," which is in the "Weston" part of the State.

Maylon Atkins is professor of Mathematics at A. & M. College. He is a good teacher, and all the students love him.

Lyda Barbee is a florist in Raleigh, and she gives special attention to Sweet "Williams."

David Turner is a promising young man, acts as traveling salesman for "Sears and Roebuck."

Tom Atkins has a two hundred acre farm near Raleigh, which he takes much delight in overseeing.

Frank Upchurch has distinguished himself as an orator. I have never known him to fail, but he is at his best, oh, well,—it is "Owen" to whose there, sometime his heart goes to "Venning."

F. O. Fields is America's leading singer. He sings in the New York operas with glowing success.

Burtis Benton is one of the leading North Carolinian ministers, his favorite text being, "Seek ye the Strayhorses"—"O, I mean Stray-sheep."

Elva Templeton is a sweet-natured little music teacher in Cary High School; especially do her pupils love her.

Roselle Sears is a public speaker. Her main subject is woman suffrage. She is a very conscientious young lady and very determined. So much so no man can "Turn'er, not even David."

Emma Yates is an excellent trained nurse at Richmond, Virginia. She can't very well get along without reading "Austin's" letters in "Harper's" Weekly Magazine.

Esther Buchanan is a happy, jolly, good-natured woman, now married, living near Asbury.

William Towse is a professor at A. & M. College. He teaches Science and is very successful. Last year his favorite gem was "Pearls," this year it seems to be "Rubies."

Gertrude Reams is a Red Cross nurse. She is an excellent nurse, and a good Christian woman. I have never heard her say any little by-word except "My-att."

Miss Lulie Nichols is now the wife of the President of the United States. She is happy and content and has many pleasant thoughts of her past work in Cary over Algebra and History.

Leon Nichols has a store in Durham. He has many customers, and he always tells them the leading color is "Alice" Blue.

Ruby Garner is married and living near her own home. She has a large new house, which she planned herself and the "Bill" almost exceeded the "Bill" that lives in it.

Bryce Little is one of the greatest men in North Carolina. He works hard and accomplishes wonders. He has never lost his ambition and love for nature. His favorite sport is to "Hunt'er," and gather "Daisies," of the rare kind, even though they be hard to keep.

Thelma Jewel is leading the American styles. She has devoted her life to this business and is making a great success.

Brantley Womble never goes to the shop, but he has lots of business with the "Smiths." Whitson Benton is a foreign missionary. He has just sailed for Japan. He probably thinks in this new occupation he won't be troubled with the luring smiles and fashions of the fair sex.

Rodney Stephens is a great politician. His big mind is never too busy to gather "Jewels," especially "Rubies" each "Day."

Margaret Straythorne is one of the most popular and best loved girls of Durham. She does very "Earnest" work as stenographer for "Stephens and Markham."

And Elsie Yarbrough is just living in Cary taking advantage of all her opportunities. She thinks she may "Need'em" when she begins work for "Woodlief and Company."

—PROPHETESS.





## Sophomore Class

### Officers

PRESIDENT.....	JOHN T. MAYNARD
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	RICHARD HARGIS
SECRETARY.....	HANNAD IVEY
TREASURER.....	J. T. BAILEY

MOTTO: "We live to serve"

COLOR: *Pink and White*

FLOWER: *Sweet-peas*

The Sophomore Class was organized the first week after Christmas, for the purpose of helping the "dignified" Seniors with their Annual. We are plenty able to do this, as far as expense is concerned, having one of the wealthiest pupils in school; for, although he is worth only a "Penny," Braxton is sufficiently able to bear it all.

Some of the members have weak eyes. That doesn't hinder us any, for we have two members who can see more (Seymore) than any one else.

John Lee, Garland, and Dnrward, being strict members of an up-to-date "church," will not allow any disorder in our meetings.

Ollie, being a "Carpenter," has promised to erect a bulletin board next year for the exclusive use of the Juniors of 1914.

At our social functions we always repeat, "A dainty plant is the Ivy (Ivey) Green," after which we are served with Parker-honse rolls.



## Freshman Class

### Officers

PRESIDENT.....	W. PAUL SAULS
VICE-PRESIDENT.....	UTLEY E. AUSTIN
SECRETARY.....	ALPHA HOUSE
TREASURER.....	ERNEST STEPHENS

MOTTO: *"Give us joy or give us death"*

COLORS: *Blue and Yellow*

FLOWER: *Buttercup*

### Class Yell

Yellow and Blue, Yellow and Blue;

My! Don't we look good to you?

Vivla, whoop-la, tra-la ya-a-a-s--

We're the members of the Freshman cla-a-a-s!







## Calhoun Literary Society

MOTTO: "*Esse Quam Videri*"

The Calhoun Literary Society was organized March 1, 1906. Its establishment was due to the rapid growth of the school, which, until this time, had only one society for boys. When the number of boys in school became greater than one society could conveniently accommodate, another was formed.

At its beginning, the Society was composed of twenty active young men. With this number to begin its career, it has grown rapidly in usefulness until we feel that it is the equal of any organization of its kind existing in a high school of North Carolina.

The Society is very fortunate in selecting officers, at all times, that are capable of satisfactorily filling their positions. Only by wise leadership could the Society have climbed so rapidly to the place it now occupies.

We have been fortunate in making a selection when we were appearing in public. The Calhoun's speech is always good, and we are justly proud of the record our boys make and maintain.

Our policy is to encourage loyalty. We help our members in every possible way. Our new members are regarded with the same respect that our old members are. It is the greatest desire of every Calhoun that each member shall do something for himself, his society, and his school.

The Society has been ably represented by young men in the inter-society debates and declamation contests. We have the record of only six years work in the inter-society contests. During this time, three Calhouns have won the annual debater's medal. At the end of each of the other three years, the annual declaimer's medal has been received by a Calhoun.

We are ever ready and willing to aid anyone or anything in need. We are glad to cooperate with the other societies and the school, as well as any individual in any possible way to advance the best-interests of all. The rivalry we have for our brother society is not due to a spirit of envy; we are justly proud that we have a rival to inspire us to do our best work.

During the commencement exercises of 1914, a new feature was added; this was an oratorical contest conducted by the Calhoun Society. In this way, we have increased the number of contests for the boys of the school, and opened the door for an annual oratorical contests, in which both societies will take part this year.

During the present school year, we have reached the high water mark in the history of the society. We have an enrollment of forty members and have had a large attendance at our meetings the entire year.

Great possibilities lie in view for the Calhoun Society, and it is evident that its progress will continue as long as the school exists.

—EARL C. BRADY.



## Clay Literary Society

The students, alumnus, and faculty of Cary High School realizing the growing need of a Literary Society, in 1883, organized the Clay Literary Society, of which every Cary High School boy was a member, for the purpose of fostering the Literary spirit among its advanced students and encouraging the development of the valuable art of public-speaking, and cultivation of manliness, mind, and morals.

The Society gained so rapidly and steadily that, in 1906, it was divided into the Clay and Cuthoun Societies, which have gained an equally rapid and steady growth; inasmuch that they have only temporary quarters in the magnificent new main building, the only hope for permanent halls being in the erection of a combination library and gymnasium building.

The Clay Literary Society has been ably represented in the public debates, and declamation contests, and has often sent representatives to enter the inter-scholastic contests.

We ever strive to bear out our motto: "*Notare Superare Omnia*," and also that of him whose name we bear.

Our members have been leaders in their high school life, equally so in their college life, making it quite evident that they will continue to be leaders in the public life of their State.

HARRY W. HARGIS, JR., *President.*





# Irving Literary Society

## Officers

### *Fall Term*

ILA HOUSE  
*President*

TERRENE HOLLEMAN  
*Vice-President*

MARGARET STRAYTHORNE  
*Secretary*

BESSIE SEYMORE  
*Treasurer*

SALLIE BREEZE  
*Assistant Secretary*

FLORRIE MEDLIN  
*Critic*

### *Spring Term*

FLORRIE MEDLIN  
*President*

LURIE NICHOLS  
*Vice-President*

GERTRUDE REAMS  
*Secretary*

ILA HOUSE  
*Treasurer*

TERRENE HOLLEMAN  
*Assistant Secretary*

BESSIE SEYMORE  
*Critic*

MOTTO: "Knowledge is Power"

COLORS: Gold and White

FLOWER: Daisy



## Our Irving

(TUNE: "Maryland, My Maryland.")

1.

We sing to thee, Society,  
Irving, our Irving;  
We have the banner loyally,  
Irving, our Irving.  
Thy motto true we keep in mind,  
And search for knowledge ever;  
For thou hast taught us to be kind,  
Ever and forever.

2.

We are marching in the ranks of life,  
Irving, our Irving;  
Preparing for the battle strife,  
Irving, our Irving;  
For power we will need to climb  
Unto the founts of knowledge;  
And when we finish here our time,  
We all will go to college.

3.

We know that knowledge bringeth power,  
Irving, our Irving.  
So will we seek it every hour,  
Irving, our Irving;  
And as the days shall come and go,  
We'll do our best and strive to know  
The motto of our Irving

4.

Then firm and true we will stand to thee,  
Irving, our Irving;  
And loyal ere our hearts shall be,  
Irving, our Irving.  
Thy burdens bravely will we face;  
For we'll be daunted never;  
What ere the task, where ere the place,  
We'll love our Irving ever.

# Lowell Literary Society

## Officers

### Fall Term

EUNICE PENNY  
*President*

RACHEL IVEY  
*Vice-President*

GAYNELLE YATES  
*Secretary*

DAISY HUNTER  
*Treasurer*

LAVINE WALDO  
*Assistant Secretary*

ALMA BARBEE  
*Critic*

### Spring Term

RACHEL IVEY  
*President*

ALMIRA WOODWARD  
*Vice-President*

LAVINE WALDO  
*Secretary*

OMIE PRINCE  
*Treasurer*

GRACE HOLLEMAN  
*Assistant Secretary*

EUNICE PENNY  
*Critic*

MOTTO: "Opportunity brings Responsibility"

COLORS: Violet and White

FLOWER: Violet

SONG (Tune: "Watch on the Rhine").

1.

Ye, Lowells, list—the world is pleading  
For our service and our leading;  
Who will her deliverer be  
From ignorance and make her free?

3.

Blest opportunities implore us,  
And our motto's ere before us;  
Ignorance shall quail with fear  
While now our banner's waving near.

### CHORUS.

Dear Lowells, bright thy banners shine:  
Dear Lowells, bright thy banners shine:  
Praise, honor, glory ever shall be thine,  
Praise, honor, glory ever shall be thine.

2.

Like thunder comes the call to rise  
To arm ourselves for duty's prize;  
We're called to rise, to arm, to fight,  
To fight for self, and home, and right.

4.

For every day our ranks are filling,  
And our hearts are ready, willing;  
We'll follow where our banners wave  
To a victor's or a martyr's grave.



LOWELL LITERARY SOCIETY



KITCHEN—HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT



SEWING ROOM—HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT





DINING ROOM—HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT



CARPENTER SHOP





MANUAL TRAINING CLASS



COOKING CLASS—HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT



GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB



GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM



BOYS' BASKET-BALL AND BASE-BALL TEAMS





MUSIC CLASS, '15



LIBRARY

## C. H. S. Republic

President .....	M. B. DRY
Vice-President and Secretary of State.....	M. B. ANDREWS
Secretary of Agriculture.....	H. E. STONE
Secretary of Treasury.....	ILIA HOUSE
Secretary of Interior.....	JOHN BECKWITH
Postmaster General.....	E. C. YATES
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Attorney General.....	F. D. MARCOM
Secretary of Labor.....	J. A. ROGERS
Secretary of Commerce.....	"Dick" HARGIS
Secretary of Navy.....	Z. B. WILLIAMS
President of Senate.....	H. W. HARGIS, JR.
Speaker of the House.....	BRUCE LITTLE
Floor Leader of the House.....	ELSIE YARBORO
Chief of Weather Bureau.....	H. M. RHODES
Assistant Chief.....	S. L. BOBBITT
Commissioner of Printing and Engraving.....	C. G. BANKS
Assistant .....	DAISY HUNTER

NATIONAL SONG: "Little Brown Jug"

## Encyclopedia of National Officers

PRESIDENT .....	Principal of School
VICE-PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF STATE.....	Professor of History and English
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.....	Superintendent of Farm Life School
SECRETARY OF TREASURY.....	Treasurer of Senior Class
SECRETARY OF INTERIOR.....	Janitor of Boys' Dormitory
POSTMASTER GENERAL.....	Holds Position in Local Office
SECRETARY OF WAR.....	He Fights
ATTORNEY GENERAL.....	Chairman of the Self-Government Board
SECRETARY OF LABOR.....	Janitor of Main Building
SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.....	Laundry Agent
SECRETARY OF NAVY.....	Honorary Appointment
PRESIDENT OF SENATE.....	President of Senior Class
SPEAKER OF HOUSE.....	President of Junior Class
FLOOR LEADER OF THE HOUSE.....	Calls All Extra Meetings
CHIEF OF WEATHER BUREAU.....	Height 7 ft. or More
ASSISTANT CHIEF.....	Height 6 ft. 11 inches
COMMISSIONERS OF PRINTING AND ENGRAVING.....	Business Managers of Cusite



## CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE 1. All powers, whether legislative, executive or judicial, shall be vested in the President, who shall be elected by a committee, for a term of one hundred years; *Provided*, that he lives that long and remains in good behavior. All other officers are merely honorary, and reflect but little credit to its incumbents. It shall be the privilege of the President to make all regulations pleasing to himself.

ARTICLE 2. The legislative department shall be divided into two parts, namely, the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Senate shall be composed of the citizens of the Republic, who shall, on conditioned oath, promise to leave the country at the expiration of his term, but the date of expiration shall be determined by the member himself.

The Senate may meet every two weeks on the first Monday in the week, but any regular meeting may be called off by the objection of any one member. Under the provisions of this constitution, only the motion to adjourn shall be legal. It shall be presided over by one of its members who may volunteer to do so.

ARTICLE 3. The House of Representatives must meet every two weeks, but is liable to an extraordinary session within five hours notice, upon the request of any one of its members.

Any citizen may become a member, who passes a satisfactory Civil Service examination under the President. Neither the Senate nor the House of Representatives shall have power to pass any measure except those necessary for its own government.

SECTION 4. All judicial power shall be vested in the President.

SECTION 5. Freedom of speech shall be prohibited.  
The official vocabulary shall be prescribed by the President.

SECTION 6. The Initiative and Referendum shall be practiced in nation-wide legislation as a matter of courtesy only, but the President has a right to over-rule any decision of the people.

SECTION 7. Any citizen shall be deemed a qualified voter who is able to raise his hand above the level of his head.

### LAWS PASSED IN THE SENATE, FORCED OVER THE HOUSE

*Be it enacted*, That this the first Congress of the Cary High School Republic establish a year-book which shall instead of the Congressional Record be called "THE CHSITE." An appropriation of \$200.00 is hereby made to cover expenses of said publication.

*Be it enacted*, That members of the Senate have the "special privilege" of bossing the Congressional Library. These same privileges to be exercised by succeeding Senates.

*Be it enacted*, That all female members of the Senate shall have full privilege of consulting the male members of the Senate on any one chosen night of any month that Senate is in session, especially on important matters. This has become necessary as we were organized with Equal Suffrage.

HARRY W. HARGIS, JR.  
C. L. MASSEY  
*Corporation Secretaries*



MELVIN B. ANDREWS, *Faculty Editor*

## Chsite Staff



M. GAYNELLE YATES, *Editor-in-Chief*



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## Triangular Debaters



F. D. UPCHURCH



BRYCE LITTLE



W. BRANTLEY WOMBLE



H. M. RHODES



## Commencement Debaters



HARRY W. HARGIS, JR.

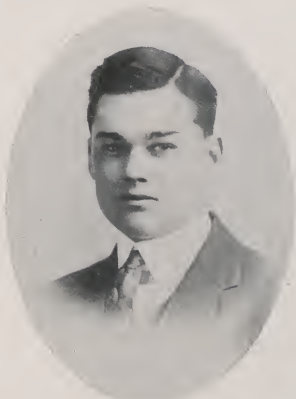


F. D. UPCHURCH



W. BRANTLEY WOMBLE

## Commencement Debaters



BRYCE LITTLE



Z. B. WILLIAMS



C. G. BANKS

**Literary**

*Page Fifty-eight*

### **A Murmur from the Pines**

One bright sunny morning, Beloved,  
I walked in the woods alone,  
And the birds were trilling softly  
Their same sweet story so old;  
They, too, seemed to feel all the magic  
Of the beautiful, beautiful day.

I strolled through the pines, Beloved,  
And those tall and stately trees  
Were whispering the same sweet story  
Of emotion which all of us feel;  
The lofty pines were not ashamed,  
But gently murmured their story.

And I saw the sweet flowers, Beloved;  
They breathed in their fragrance a message;  
The dear, modest, little violet  
And narcissus in robes of pure white  
Say "We were made for each other,  
And someone was made for you."

And I believe that message, Dear One:  
'Twas you who were made for me;  
For you I have toiled and striven  
To keep my life pure and sweet;  
Will your radiant, tender smile make real  
My wonderful, wonderful dream?

—EILEENYAG.



## Merely a Day of School

"Oh, I am so tired of it! Another day of the same round of examinations that I have taken for the last three years. I have one every week!"

These were the thoughts of Josephine Wescott. She sat up in bed and rubbed her sleepy eyes. It was a lovely morning; outside her window a little bird sang one of the first songs of spring. She bowed her head on her arms, and a prayer went out from her heart to God's heart that she might not fail.

In a measure, Josephine was like all the other girls. She was a little girl when she came to this boarding school, but now she had grown into a big girl of seventeen years. Her only mark of originality was her lack of neatness. There was always a pin left out or a hook she had not fastened. With the boys she was "Jo Wescott, that jolly girl."

With the girls she was just "Jo." Somehow, when she fastened those big, soft, grey eyes on you and her face lit up with a smile, you could not help but feel that "Jo" had a soul in spite of the way she yelled when on the campus; and if she did talk bluntly and loudly, you could feel that soul—because it was there. Often would she say things which in no way revealed the gentleness that she treasured in her heart. Some how, there was something about "Jo" that wasn't like the rest.

"I'll tell you, girls," said "Jo," as she finished dressing, "I don't feel safe about myself today."

"O, you'll do it, 'Jo'; you always do," said Jane. "Get that world feeling you always have and forget your little self."

The girls' talk drifted to something else. The first bell rang. Jane finished her work in the room and went down for the mail on the hall table.

"'Jo,' 'Jo,'" called Nellie from the foot of the steps, "go to chapel with me. It's only eight minutes before time for the bell. Come on, right now." "Jo" snatched up her books and grabbed her pencil. As she looked up, two faces smiled upon her from the wall. She thought, as she hurried on down the steps, how much these faces meant to her and how necessary for her to succeed.

"'Jo,' I wanted to tell you that you might go with me to Raleigh for the week-end if you wished and would behave yourself."

"You are a darling, Nell. You are the very essence of gourd-vine," cried "Jo," as she pinched her arm.

The two girls talked on merrily as they hurried to chapel, looking forward to their trip with a great deal of pleasure.

When chapel was over, "Jo," went on her History examination. History had been one of her favorite studies. She always loved this work; and, though she was thought of by the Faculty as just a bright, uncultured girl, she loved the men who had made her country. With History, she took English, and always did she study these lessons with joy. She loved the men who had felt these things of life so deeply.

When the bell tapped, the examination was on. "Jo" started to write. She answered the first and second, but the third—what was that? She frowned. She read the other questions. There were several more, but she didn't know them. Her average had been 85 and she must pass. She wrote on rapidly, fighting the temptation—Jane was so near her. As she looked up, Mr. Ralston looked down on her and smiled. No, she wouldn't do it. He at least thought she was honest.

He turned his head, and in one wild moment she wrote, "Do you know the third?" held up the paper, and Jane read it; then quick as a flash came the answer, and nobody had noticed. Everyone was busy writing; writing, writing. She finished her paper, laid it on the table, and hurried out. Her heart was beating wildly.

The bell tapped, and the girls poured from the building. At lunch, they talked of the examinations. "Jo" laughed and jabbled with the girls, but in her heart, she felt badly. After lunch, she went to her room and dressed, expecting to leave on the afternoon train. Mr. Ralston had told her if she would come back with the other girls in the afternoon, he would be glad to give her a grade on History. Nell and "Jo" hurried back to the building. All the boys and girls were wanting their grades—"Jo" waited patiently. Why was that uneasy feeling in her heart? When her time came, Mr. Ralston said, "'Jo,' I can't give you your grade now."

Her heart failed her.

"I'll call you when I want you."

When he had finished, he took her into his room and locked the door. "Jo" saw a hurt look in his face.

"'Jo,'" he said, "you cheated on this examination."

At first she denied it; then the shame of it came over her, and she choked back a sob. "I didn't think you would have done it, child."

There was a gentleness and a firmness in his voice that drove her pain deeper. Then that rough girl looked down in her heart and saw that she had sinned—she had stolen. It all came over her like a flood.

"Mr. Ralston," she said, "it was cheating—and, man, I am sorry. This is one day when God failed me—or I failed Him."

The bell tapped, and "Jo" was sent out and asked to wait for him until he should call her. She stood motionless and still. Was she in a dream? This meant expulsion; and then wildly this thought came to her, "What right have I to say what my soul feels—if it does a thing like that— This day, what does it mean to me? It is only half gone." The half hour she waited was more than an age to her.

When he called her, he told her what to do.

"'Jo,' suppose we let it drop where it is. You'll come through and be a woman after all. Watch yourself, guard your weak points; this must not happen again—it will not."

"Jo" took up the weave of life, where she had left off, and started again. She had seen what life meant if she started out the wrong way. She now got a grip on herself, and she resolved to hold on forever.

Who can tell the heights to which that girl will climb? And who can imagine the meaning of that day, to her? Yet, to the rest, she was only a girl and this was merely a day of school.

—*Noddy Byrontis.*

## The Siege

*"There is one curse, Ignorance—  
One aggressor, Ignorance."*

I was aroused by a call to arms, and after the hastiest preparation rushed off to the Fort, to arrive only the second before the drawbridge was drawn from the moat. We almost immediately found ourselves surrounded by the enemy.

So soon after this mobilization as preliminary instruction was given, we were divided according to strength, training, and experience, each division having a trained leader, jurisdiction over all of whom was exercised by the President.

We were drilled steadily through this first period of the siege, interested and working hard, as the reputation of the Republic was at stake. The onslaughts of the aggressors were terrific up until the sixth watch, when they began to recede. We breathed a sigh of relief. But, alas! our fate we had not yet unsealed, for within an hour we found ourselves again surrounded. However, we had so reenforced and recreated ourselves in this hours' retreat to the outer barracks that we were better able successfully to resist them, so their renewed efforts to capture the Fort and make us prisoners were futile and they met with steady losses until the tenth watch, when we completely overwhelmed them. We, ourselves, had restored our liberty.

We then sallied forth again to recreate ourselves after the long siege. Soon we heard some horrible groans from the east, followed by a thundering sound, and we feared lest there were reinforcements; supplies or engines of war—or some such article as the wooden horse arriving for the enemy. They drew nearer until at last they came to a stand-still immediately before our legations. Their envoys mounted and after negotiations with our envoys, diplomatic notes were signed, assuring us of their peaceful mission, they were allowed to proceed.

Besides a release of prisoners we were paid an indemnity, which was contained in several canvas bags which were carried to a prize court, near the legations, to be proportionately divided.

Being thus satisfied we again were free in our barracks, having won our freedom, where we again around our own hearths could enjoy a peaceful and pleasant evening "at home."

IGNATZ, '15.

## Jean le Blanc

It was a typical arctic day—indescribably cold and bleak. This was nothing unusual, for it had been a year or more since the two men, huddled over the fire, had seen the sunshine on the homeland. They were talking of home and loved ones, thus putting to flight the idea that they were rough, uncouth creatures, who cared for no person or thing, save self. They certainly looked the part, roughly dressed as they were, in furs. Only faces were visible, but after all, it is largely by these that characters are judged.

The older was a dark-skinned man, with sensitive features, sharply outlined, and his long, slender hands with tapering fingers could not be concealed by heavy gloves, but proclaimed to the world the born aristocrat.

It was his eyes, however, that held one's attention; there was something in their depths which gave one a sense of having looked into some sacred room, for surely no man would wilfully allow his associates to look through the windows into a soul which held much that is too sacred for the unsympathetic eyes of a curious world.

His companion was much younger than he, with blue eyes, fair complexion, a generous mouth, and large hands and feet.

As they talked, a wistful far away look came into the dark eyes of the man, whom his companion called Jean le Blanc. Memories of other days crowded into a heart which seemed to be already overflowing with the great wave of homesickness, discouragement and despair, which had swept over it. Physical weakness, caused by exposure and lack of food, showed in every line of that wan face.

"Hans," he said, "we can't do it. We will have to go back to the chief and report defeat. Think of it, Hans—defeat."

"O, cheer up, old man," Hans replied, "the chief is a human being, just as we are, and he understands this soulless frozen desert a great deal better than we. He doesn't expect us to bring in game when there is nothing to find."

"O, but so much depends on it. Supplies are running low, and unless we take food to the men, we all must die. The responsibility is so heavy, it seems that it must crush me by its very weight—but, we must be going."

Mechanically they rose, and, covering the fire with snow, made ready for their departure.

It was several hours later, that, exhausted and discouraged, they stumbled into camp. It was Hans who reported to the chief a little later.

"It's no use, chief," he said. "Ever since we left camp, six days ago, we have searched for something that would furnish us food. Not one thing have we found. If I may venture an opinion, we had better break camp before we all perish, and make a dash for home"—drawing a long breath—"and sunshine. O, how I long for the warm southern sunshine!"

The chief knitted his brows and twirled his thumbs. It means much for a man, who has made a stupendous sacrifice of time, money, and home ties, even to consider giving up in acknowledged defeat.

"No, Hans," he answered finally, "we must go on; we are too near the goal to turn back in defeat now. We will break camp and march tomorrow." Brusque as the words were, the tones of the voice told of a heart full of sorrow that his men must suffer so.

But camp was not to be moved so soon, for next morning, le Blanc was tossing about in wild delirium. Hans was detailed to stay in camp and care for him, and the rest of the men pushed forward in a final dash for the North Pole. The two men, left alone,



seemed to be like men in a deep slumber. Hans moved about listlessly and dreamily, while le Blanc lay in a deep stupor, oblivious of his surroundings. On the afternoon of the third day, he suddenly sprang up, waving his arms excitedly, crying "Vive La France! Marchons! Marchons!"

Then stretching out his arms he said, in a tenderly pleading voice:

"Oh, Ma Chère, my dear one, why should we quarrel? Send me not away, I beg you—Beloved—Beloved."

Then with a gasp, he fell back on his rude couch and sank again into unconsciousness.

After a long while, he opened his eyes, and seeing his faithful friend, murmured:

"Hans, I have seen her—my wife—in a dream, and I know now that I shall never behold her dear face again. You must find her, Hans, when I am gone, and tell her I was ever innocent of the thing of which she believes me guilty. O, we were so happy—so happy—but the serpent entered the garden in the form of suspicion, and I was too proud to defend myself when I stood accused by my own wife of a crime which had been committed shortly before; so in my bitterness of heart, I ran away and went to America. I had been naturalized about a year when I joined this exploring party. I shall—not—return with you—and—no—," he said as Hans would have contradicted him; "No I shall never see America—or France again and you must tell—my wife—I love her—I have been true—to her. Some day—I was going back to her, I thought, and we would have been happy—again. Tell her, won't you—Hans?"

Hans, after many expressions of certainty of his friends' recovery, promised, and le Blanc slept. Hans, too, tired out with his many duties, slept fitfully. Once, he heard the sick man saying to himself, softly:

"The valiant never taste of death but once; of all the wonders I yet have heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear, seeing that death a necessary end will come when it will come—a necessary end—necessary—will come when it will—the end—will come."

Then he seemed to sink into the sweet peaceful sleep of a tired child.

When Hans awoke, he found his friend still and lifeless beside him. Almost reverently, he prepared the body and left it there, with only a mound of ice and snow to mark the final resting place of a man whose soul was frozen long before his body was forced to surrender.

M. G. Y., '15.

## Mary Ellen's Ways

"Ont Emma! Ont Emma!" called Mary.

"Yes, dear. Here I am. What's the trouble?"

"Me—me—mashed me—finger—w—with we—all's w—wood."

"Oh, that is a bad finger. What have you put on it?" asked auntie.

"Nothin', muddy is not put nothin' on it."

"Well, when you go home tell her to put something on it, and wrap it up."

Mary started out on the street when she was called and asked where she was going.

"Me are going home," chimed Mary.

"What did you come for?"

"To—to—to—show—you—my—finger."

She ran home, but was soon going into another neighbor's house.

"Ont Tora! me mashed me finger. Look!"

"Oh! that is an awful bad mashed finger, and I think if you would come and stay with us all day tomorrow, I could put something on it that would make it get well," advised her Aunt Cora.

"Well, me will if we-all's muddy will let me. Me would like to stay with you now till muddy makes me go home."

So she settled down to have a good time until she was compelled to go home.

When she saw that night was coming on, she called her brother.

"Buvver, you go home and tell we-all's muddy to see me some seet ish tatoos fur my tupper—I want them sliced. 'ou go right and tell her."

Her brother, of course, obliged her.

In a few minutes she said, "I 'dess I have to go home and git me tome tupper. I don't believe my muddy will cook any seet ish 'tatoes for me. Where are my tot-in tap? I put it here. I dess I left it to home though. Dood-bye. I'll tome to take dinner wif you next day. I wish you would have bunny-beans for dinner."

The next morning she arrived bright and early. A little later an agent came in. He was selling furniture polish.

"You selling medicine? Well don't go to that house. Don't you go there, tause nobody 'tall lives there," said Mary as she pointed to her home.

"Well, will you please ask your mother to come to the door. I want to show her what I have in this bottle," said the agent.

"My muddy are not here. My Ont Tora's here, and her would tome and see your bottle." She ran into the house. "Ont Tora, there's a man at the door with a bottle fur you; if it are medicine I wouldn't not have it." It was'n medicine; so Mary was willing for it to be taken into the house.

"Ont Tora, where is dat biggest little 'dirl of yours? I'm doing in her 'oom." The first thing she found was a broken comb.

"Look! who bwoke 'dis come."

"I did," said the girl.

"Well, what did you do it for?"

"I couldn't help it."

"Well, you ought to be 'panked for it, and Ont Tora's the one to do the spanking at this house."

"Why Mary! does your mother ever spank you?"

"Does her? Did you tee her take me home from Suny tool last Saturday. Well her take me home an' pertended to 'pank me."

"Do you like to be spanked?"

"No, I don't not. Do you? I spec you been 'panked, you so little. Here's Tannie; let me make some tappin' for you."

"Oh, you stop Mary or I will slap you," said Fannie.

"A'wite, on-me will tite wi'ye," screamed Mary.

A pause—then Mary said, "T's going to the kitchen, and if it's time for dinner, I will turn and tell you all."

A little later she came to the door—"Dirls, the dinner are all on the table, and if you don't not tome on, I shall ate it all up."

We went to the dining room.

"Ont Tora, why don't you buy me a little high chair for to eat with?"

"Oh, then you would come too often. What will you have, dear?"

"Bunny-beans, deuse. I hope we all can't not eat all of dem. I want to take some home. May I have what all's left, Ont Tora?"

"Yes, darling; now eat your dinner."

After dinner she went out to play, but soon returned as she had seen her mother come in.

Somebody talking of the lace her mother was making asked if it was hard to do.

"Muddy, are it hard to make?"

"No, it isn't hard to make."

"Yes, it is hard to make."

"No, darling, it is not."

"No, it is soft to make."

"Did you know we had a buvver in the sky wi' Dod? We have."

"Wouldn't you like to go up there and see him some time?" asked some one.

"Ye-e-s—no. How would me det down? Der ain't no 'fair-tops."

"Oh, it is raining. Come, Mary, we must go home," said her mother.

"Well, T's 'tayed long 'nough anyway. Dood-bye, Ont Tora."

ALI ESUCH, '15.

## “Funnybone Ticklers”

*Prof. Stone:* (To physics class) “This is the way that we people in the North do it.”  
*Mary Dunn:* (To student beside her and a little too loud) “My Lord, we don’t want to be told of the North all the time.”

\* \* \*

*Mary Dunn:* “What’s that box for?”

*Gwynelle Yates:* “Joke box, Mary, get in.”

\* \* \*

*Prince:* “Oh, your sacred confidence!”

*Eunice Penny:* “What’s that? A dirt dumber’s nest?”

\* \* \*

Found on the back of an equal suffrage enrollment card:  
 “Prince, if you went to vote and there were three drunk men at the polls, what would you do?”

“Why, Ernest, I’d vote a prohibition ticket, of course.”

\* \* \*

*English Teacher:* “Daisy, scan this sentence, ‘A little learning is a dangerous thing.’”

*Daisy Hunter:* “I don’t understand it.”

*English Teacher:* “Wouldn’t you put more emphasis on ‘Little’ than on some other words?”

*Girl in Class:* “Yes, sir, ‘Little’ means more to her than ‘Learning’ does.”

\* \* \*

*Thomas:* “I’ve never had a headache.”

*Moore:* “You didn’t expect a vacuum to ache, did you?”

\* \* \*

*Gertrude:* “How did you vote last election, Mr. Brady?”

*Earle Brady:* “I didn’t vote. I had to go to school that day.”

\* \* \*

*Annie Lee Yates:* “What do you know about Lincolnshire?”

*Gwynelle Yates:* “It’s in England—Why?”

*Annie Lee Yates:* “Well, I’ll declare! I thought he was an American.”

\* \* \*

*Rodney Stephens:* “What are those men in the hall doing?”

*Thelma Jewell:* “They are installing electric switches.”

*Rodney Stephens:* “I am going right straight home. I simply won’t stay in a place where they do the tickin’ by electricity.”

\* \* \*

*Miss Pasmore:* “You were absent yesterday, Florence, were you ill?”

*Florence Prince:* “No ma’am, I was sick.”

\* \* \*

*Mr. Stone:* “What is a zone?”

*Estelle Green:* “A little round, somewhat square, and sorter long.”

\* \* \*

*History Teacher:* “Why is the study of Greece important?”

*Utley Austin:* “Because you can cook with it.”



*English Teacher:* "Give me an adjective derived from a proper noun."

*Mary Dunn:* "Shining."

*English Teacher:* "From what is it derived?"

*Mary Dunn:* "Sun, Moon, Star."

\* \* \*

*Teacher:* "Do you intend to take English, Otho?"

*Otho Edwards:* "No, sir, I'll have to study Grammar first."

\* \* \*

*Mr. Stone:* "Say, Massey, don't get me too deep in Music; you might find out how little I don't know about it."

\* \* \*

At the close of the History lesson in which Mr. Andrews had discussed the horrors of war thoroughly, he asked Thomas, "Do you think war is wrong?"

*Thomas:* "Yes, sir, 'cause war makes History, and I jest hate History."

\* \* \*

*History Teacher:* "Ruth, what became of Edward the Confessor?"

*Ruth Eving:* "He-er-he died, didn't he?"

\* \* \*

*Miss Pasmore:* "Mr. Jacobs, what are stocks and bonds?"

*Jacobs:* "Stocks are cows and horses and pigs, and Bonds are where you keep 'em."

\* \* \*

*On Chemistry:* "What are the principal things used in mixing paints?"

*Omie Prince:* "Pigs and buggies." (Meaning pigments and vehicles.)

\* \* \*

Overheard at Browning Hall:

*Gertrude:* "Estelle, what are you doing?"

*Estelle:* "Blackening my eye brows."

*Gertrude:* "Where did you get that idea?"

*Estelle:* "O, I see Alice Coley do it every morning."

\* \* \*

*F. Staudt:* "Fasser, what's a vacuum?"

*Mabel Adams:* (In a whisper) "Your head, crazy."

*F. Staudt:* "Well, Fasser, what's in it?"

\* \* \*

*Mr. Stone:* "What makes electric lights burn?"

*E. Penny:* "Why, it's the gas burning."

\* \* \*

If Dr. Templeton's cow ran down the Rhodes and through the Fields, would David Turner?

\* \* \*

Is it safe for a Little-boy to go with a Hunter?

\* \* \*

If Jewels are for sale, will Nichols buy them?

\* \* \*

Will a Free-man love a Prince?

\* \* \*

The Pleasant Breezes call for Moore.

\* \* \*

If Hannah Ivey makes a ginger bread lady, will Thelma Baker?

If Eunice Penny gets into trouble the Pryor will likely receive the confession.

\* \* \*

If he gets caught in the rain, will Marcus B. Dry?

\* \* \*

If she wore glasses could Bessie Seymour?

\* \* \*

One day Mr. Stone and Mr. Wood were standing on the street corner, when a girl, coming down the street, fell and sprained her arm. Stone turned to Wood; Wood turned to Stone; and both turned to rub(b)'er.

\* \* \*

Mr. Andrews, on his English class, wrote two sentences: one wrong grammatically and the other a misstatement of facts. The sentences were: "The hen has three legs," and "Who done it?" "Ituby," he said, "go to the board and show me where the fault lies in those two sentences." Ruby rose very slowly and seemed to be thinking very hard. She took the chalk in her hand and wrote, "The hen didn't do it. God done it."

\* \* \*

Mr. Stone: (On Chemistry) "Why is salt put in soap?"

E. Penny: "It's to improve the flavor."

\* \* \*

Mr. Andrews: (On Spelling) "Give a clear definition for 'Epoch.'"

Rodney Stephens: "It is a short song with no music to it."

\* \* \*

Ask Florrie Medlin how it feels to have the railroad tire.

\* \* \*

Overheard in Browning Hall:

Alice: "Say, Prince, what makes Bobbit wear his cap to recitations?"

Prince: "His head is so near the sun, he's afraid he'll sunburn his hair."

\* \* \*

Florence: "Ha, there's a negro dead in Cary."

Ha: "I want to see him pass the school house."

Florence: "Gracious me! he can't walk."

\* \* \*

Daisy: "Roselle, did you go through the county to Raleigh?"

Roselle: "No, I went on an automobile."

\* \* \*

Mr. Stone: "Music is a harmonious sound. What is noise?"

Grace Holleman: "That's what happens when Sam Bobbitt tries to sing."

\* \* \*

Mr. Jones: (On Arithmetic) "Miss Julia, I missed my problem about twenty-five cents."

Miss Passmore: "You didn't have enough sense (cents) did you?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Andrews: "What is your name?"

Albertine Maynard: "Same thing it was the last time you asked me."

\* \* \*

Florrie Medlin: (After debate) "Mr. Stone will now see how the judges decided the decision."

*Mr. Dry:* (Holding up a lavender knife) "Whose pink knife is this?"

\* \* \*

*Lavine:* "It didn't get away with him, did it?"

*Evelyn:* "I think not; I see he's still there."

\* \* \*

*Eunice Penny:* "Did you say it was Mr. Andrews that you saw dancing on the railroad tie?"

*Florrie Medlin:* "No, I told you it was Knott."

\* \* \*

When a nomination was put in for sweet peas for the Sophomore flower, Mr. Penny said, "I didn't know that was a flower. I thought it was peas."

\* \* \*

*Mr. Stone:* (On Physical Geography) "Miss House, what are the four seasons?"

*Alpha House:* (Absorbed in a cooking lesson) "Pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar."

\* \* \*

*Chemistry Teacher:* "What gas does soda water contain?"

*Ba House:* (Promptly) "Sodium chloride" (common salt).

\* \* \*

*Earle Brady:* "Bryce Little and his Junior followers call themselves 'The pride of Cary High School'—but others are much wiser."

*Student:* "You, for instance."

\* \* \*

*Ba House:* "Gaynelle, your dress is a perfect dream."

*Gaynelle:* "Yes, but mother thought it was a nightmare."

\* \* \*

*Freshman:* "What is a butteress?"

*Senior:* (Hesitatingly) "Er-er-don't you know?"

*Freshman:* "Is it a lady waiter?"

\* \* \*

"This ain't no lie, but actually happened."—*Sanford Howie.*

\* \* \*

"O, shut your mouth, Texie, so I can see your face."—"Dick" *Hargis.*

\* \* \*

"My! he looked so nice."—*Miss Howard.*

\* \* \*

"Some men are born fools, some achieve idiocy, and the rest of us have them thrust upon us."—*The Faculty.*

\* \* \*

## Wanted

To know what a lawn party is.—*H. B. Thomas.*

To know why the English teacher says "had ought."—*High School.*

To know how to get Staudt.—*Texie Bagwell.*

To know what a co-educational school is.—*Alma Barbee.*

To know if the hall proctor has to sit in the hall.—*Ruth Ewing.*

To know what a hall proctor is.—*Annie Lee Yates.*

An interesting book to read.—*Carvin Massey.*

To know why the matting is worn through in front of Miss Howard's mirror.—*Browning Hall Girls.*

To know why "John Beck don't keep school time.—*The Tardy Ones*.  
 To know why Weston Parker is always warm.—*Rodney Stephens*.  
 To know why Mr. Lee Knott is never "broke".—*Ada Yarbora*.  
 To know how to get the girls to notice me.—*Bill' Toice*.  
 To know how to get Little.—*Alma Barbee*.  
 A "Jack" to Caesar.—*"Senior" Brady*.  
 To know why Florrie Medlin likes green Fileds.—*Gaynelle Yates*.  
 A camera that won't break.—*The Freshman Class*.  
 To know why all people are not tall.—*H. M. Rhodes*.  
 To know why Margaret Strayhorne says "Earnest-ly" so much.—*Elsie Yarbora*.  
 To know what a theme pad is.—*Estelle Greene*.  
 To know if I can drop deportment this year and double on it next year when I'm  
 Senior.—*Mabel Adams*.  
 A use for hydraulic acid.—*Clyde Banks*.  
 Any job on the base-ball team—mascot will do.—*E. C. Brady*.  
 Something new to smile upon.—*Florrie Medlin*.  
 Anything, Lord.—*Katie Stephenson*.  
 Trustees to make our positions hereditary.—*M. B. Andrews*.  
 A nick-name.—*Rachel Ivey*.  
 Some place to use a big word.—*Gaynelle Yates*.  
 To know how to use a Tom-Walker.—*E. Penny*.  
 Just 75.—*Daisy Hunter*.  
 To buy a manual (meaning an Annual).—*TheLma Baker*.  
 Somebody else held responsible for the contents of this book.—*The Editors*.

\* \* \*

## Limericks

Our Editor, Miss Mary Gaynelle,  
 Wished to edit the Annual so well  
 That through the year she took  
 Little notes in her book,  
 With which to make its pages swell.

There was a Senior, Miss Emilee,  
 To whom Mr. Knott was true, nice  
 On all of his tours—  
 He brought pretty flowers  
 To make of the lockers sweet bowers.

There was a lassie named Daisy  
 Who 'bout a Little boy seemed crazy,  
 But since receiving a Call  
 From the forests tall,  
 The flame hasn't seemed so blazy.

Blue eyed, red cheeked Mr. Knott,  
 Sat in his seat and wrote;  
 No happier ever was Emilee than when  
 She got that loving note.

In each of these lines  
 (Despite the hard times)  
 The Poet has tried to express  
 Some more interesting things  
 That a school boy brings  
 Than an "exam" or a "test."





The End

Dick Nargis  
1915

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